

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. "Uncle Billy" Dodge, stage driver, Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Later at Anthony's station they find the redskins have carried their destructive work there also. Stella Anthony, daughter of Anthony, keeper of station, is introduced. Anthony has been killed. Vincent is assigned his work in unearthing plans of enemies of railroad being built. Vincent visits town where railroad men are working on the road and receives token of esteem from Stella. The old stage driver decides to work close to town in order that he may be able to keep fatherly watch over the young woman. She is engaged as a tutor for Viola Bernard, daughter of hotel landlady. Vincent visits society circles of enemies of the Central Pacific railroad and learns their secrets. He returns to Stella, each showing signs of love for the other. Phineas Cadwallader, pushing a railroad opposing Central Pacific, reaches mining town. She writes to Alfred Vincent his boast. Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Finds letter of importance involving plans of opposition road. Plot to destroy company's ship Flora is unearthed and incriminating evidence against Cadwallader found. Phineas Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping. A perfect chain of evidence connects him with plot to blow up "Flora." Stella and Alfred show love for each other despite hostility of Gideon. In showing Miss Hamilton, a niece of a railroad official, about the camp. Alfred somewhat neglects Stella, who shows paln at treatment. Banquet in railroad town is scene of more monopolization of Alfred by Miss Hamilton, with determination on Stella's part to change her temperament. Alfred writes passionately to Stella, decrying the attention which he was compelled to give Miss Hamilton. Mirs. "Sally" Bernard announces riches. Gideon makes threat against Alfred's life. Quickly leaves town on best procur Hamilton, with determination on Stella's part to change her temperament. Alfred writes passionately to Stella, decrying the attention which he was compelled to give Miss Hamilton. Mrs. "Sally" Bernard announces riches. Gideon makes threat against Alfred's life. Quickly leaves town on best procurable horse in search of Vincent. Race to beat opposition company's stage a success. Stella fails to hear of Gideon. Stella receives a letter: "Promise to marry Gideon Ingram or Alfred Vincent will die." After conference Stella decides to flee. Years pass. Stella becomes known as Esther Anthony, becomes a rich woman, educates herself at Vassar and steps into highest San Francisco society, Kidnaping changes Alfred greatly and when he and Stella meet in "Frisco society, she passes him without recognition. Stella's love for Alfred and his for her is revived. However, neither shows recognition of the fact to the other. Stella visits Mrs. Sally Bernard, now in top notch society and wealthy, being known as Mrs. Lang-Bernard.

CHAPTER XXV.-Continued. 'She's had time, then, to learn your good heart. If she hasn't, she deserves no sympathy."

Sally B. smiled broadly. "You tuck -took in the blarney stone on your tower, didn't you? What a plaguy shame we couldn't have towered to-

"That would have been nice. Did you enjoy your travel?"

"Fine!" the other answered quickly; yet a dejected note crept into her next words. "I enjoyed it all right; but it didn't pay-not Bill an' me. We're too old, and didn't have no-any fit cultivating for such a crop. But it paid for Vi." she said exultingly. "She's come out just a little queen, Vi has. She fits all this fine stuff!" Sally B,'s sweep of arm included the whole magnificent villa. "An' her paw's that proud of her!"

Esther smiled sympathetically, "Tell me about your home, Mrs. Sally. How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's pay rock, sure: a thousand dollars to the ton. But some way, I like it better when I'm tellin' about it, or showin' it off, than I do just livin' in it. You know, I ain't used to bein' waited on-not personal-but I'm going to get used to it for Vi's sake; style, furrin servants-got five kinds, seven courses, church people-the hull

"Did you get the place already equipped ?"

"Law me, yes. Furniture, horses, coachman, an' monnygram. They left families, O. K .- well, Freddy's shinin' | needs us. That's why I ain't-well. a cook, too, a Frenchy; but I bounced him, fy, fy; an' Yic Wah hangs up in | inald Lawrence; they say he's really | bugs; they don't need nothin' I gotthe kitchen now. Gosh! I- Say! I'm a lord's son. I kin see't he likes Vi. just going to take a vacation from but he's one o' them stand-off English grammar while you're here; it's too fellers; you can't tell about 'em. hamperin'. No use showin' off to you, Stel-Esther: you know me from shoe to bonnet, anyhow."

"I don't love you for your grammar, good or bad, but for-I won't risk another reference to-to my travel in Ireland. How's Yic Wah?"

"Proud of the place as if he owned it. Come! I'll show you everything;

him an' the kitchen with the rest." She led the way, trailing her black skirts over the rich carpets from room to room, holding her head high and showing off her possessions with pleased pride. The house was large and in perfect taste. The former owners had failed suddenly and sold to the first bidder, walking out with only their clothing. The two women halted in the library; and Esther looked curiously along the rows of books, most of them standard authors, and bound to order, with the owner's monogram on the cover. She wondered what part they played in Sally B.'s present life. "Have you read any of them?" she

asked, glancing at the shelves. A tired look crept into Sally B.'s face. "I've got to the sixth book on the fourth row from the top. I reckon | can I let my little thoroughbred marry it'll take about two year-years. VI that cripple? An' if he wa'n't crooked, likes 'em, but I don't-leastways, not he's nobody, no more'n I be. Vi's got much of it."

Esther refrained from comment. though her heart ached for the heroic woman, "It's too bad about the monogram. L. B.'s so near right."

"It's just right! I've took-taken maw's name, Lang. See here!" She crossed the room and brought cards

tremest style, and read, "Mrs. Lang-Bernard. Lake View. First Thurs-

day." "Think o' Sally B. bein' that big a fool! But that's what you got to do if you want to git-get up; an' that's where I'm bound, to the very top notch! Of course, I don't b'long there, but Vi does, an' I'm going to boost her if money an' work can do it." She was leading the way to the ballroom at the top of the house, a beautiful, spacious apartment overlooking Lake Merritt and the Berkeley hills.

"I'm sure you're succeeding," Esther said as they sat near an open window. She wondered if it was wise to encourage Sally B.'s impossible ambitions.

"Yes; that is, Vi is. She gits invited into the ginuine, bong tong set, where the men wears opery hats an' goldheaded canes, an' the women's all ladies.

"Does Viola enjoy it?"

Sally B.'s face sobered instantly. "I don't know. Vi's changed some. She was always quiet; now she's deep. I can't make her out. She goes a heap,

name or a long purse.

"Come on down to m room," Sally B. said presently; "I want to show you my clo'es. Oh, that's my church, St. Andrew's." She stopped on the stair and pointed out an ivy hung building of unmistakable Episcopalian architecture.

"So you go to church?" There was surprise in Esther's tone.

"Reg'lar as eatin'." "It seems odd someway." Esther

ooked speculatively at Sally B. "Course. I wa'n't raised to it-been miles from churches all my life. But it's the proper caper, an' I go the hull thing, you know."

Esther asked Sally B. how she liked her fellow parishioners.

"Tain't no matter how I like them What I've started to do is to make them like me. But it's no go. They'll take to Vi. an' to my money; but they'll never swaller me."

"How do you know?" "Oh, they eat my dinners; say they're splendificent. An' they invite me visitors. Or if they's other folks, they wink an' tech-touch one another when I talk. They think I don't size 'em up; but I ain't a durn fool all the time, if they do bleed me like thunder.

"You bet! They think they do it slick, an' I don't let on, but just give, give, to all kinds of missioners, an' all kinds of poor boxes, till I wonder how much they pay the man that invents so many ways." "I can imagine how generous you

are," Esther said approvingly.

"There's one piece of work they let me run my own way, an' I like it; always does the right thing, wears her | that's looking after the poor. Someclo'es like a queen, she does. And way, I can understand them folks; Freddy Bryan-he's old Dick Bryan's tell whether it's grub or a boost o' the son, you know; the old man's on his sperit they need most. I s'pose we're Sally B. Esther knew that no more third million now; an' they're fust right smart happier with folks that

my-if Vi'd ketch a lord-"

stopped and beamed on Esther. "But he might not make Viola hap-

py. "N-o," Sally B. acquiesced reluc tantly. "Anyway, he's shy lately. Reckon he's waiting to size up Bill's herself, no matter how unflattering. his sleep about 'em." "Vi's 19 next week," she went on. "She's goin' to have the doggondest silk, they are. An' I've staked out the best decorator an' the best caterer round the Bay."

"Whom have you invited-besides me? I received my invitation safely." "Oh, all the big bugs-all the other big bugs," Sally B. smiled at Esther, "I kin git. All that's called on me, an' a lot that hain't The 'Piscopal church folks, too; they're bong tong, all right."

They discussed the ball a little more, when Esther asked suddenly: "What of Alvin? Haven't you let

those two meet again?" The other woman's countenance fell "I reckon Vi still likes him. But how to go up! You hear me! She's bound costly gold lace. "That's my own to go up!" She rose and walked down design, an' my favorite of all I got. the room, stopping by another window an instant before she returned.

"She ain't seen Al in two year." Esther saw the battle between love and ambition, and said nothing. Poor Viola! Must she be sacrificed? Esther from the desk. They were in the ex- knew that the crooked leg would be

up to Vi fine! Then there's Mr. Reg. not exactly hilarious with the big except my daughter."

Esther sighed. Did any one in all the world need her? "How does Mr. Bernard like the new home?" she asked, stepping across the room for another view of the beautiful grounds.

"Oh, like me, bang up. Yet what you're raised to don't git out of the blood in a minute. An' I know Bill dreams at night of the mountains an' pile." Sally B.'s honesty extended to the mines, 'cause he hollers out in

She was busy bringing from hook and shelf and drawer a billowy flood ball-invitations ben out a week-on of heterogeneous finery. Her tongue voiced a new mood; and Esther, not without sympathy for the "big bugs," recognized Sally B.'s company man-

"This here is made by Worth of Paree. I hope it will be worth as much to me as it was to him. Ain't it orfay? And here's one that's just magnif! I brought them all over myself-wore 'em all first to save duty My! But maybe you think 't wa'n't no job to flop around a hotel parlor in a new dress four times a day! Whew! It makes me sweat now to think of it! Ain't that red just-

"Regal!" Esther finished, as Sally B., for a wonder, paused for a word. "Like it?" Sally B. displayed with pride the scarlet satin robe, spangled from hem to throat, and finished with Worth told me never to tell it was his make. Wouldn't put his tag on it. Didn't want to steal my thunder, I

s'pose. Clever of him, wa'n't it? Say! With my diamonds-they're in the bank or I'd show 'em to you-I look-"

confoned if Alvin had a hyphenated Sally-regal," Eather laughed, thinking of her at a fancy dress ball as the Queen of Sheba.

"Oh, what a pretty thing this is!" she said, lifting a pale gray gown from the filmy heap. "Yes, I s'pose the toot onsembel of

that's good. But them pale colors don't fit me; an' the work on that won't stand the eyes of a connishoner." "I suppose Mr. Bernard has a lot

of things, too," Esther said as soon as she could control her face.

"You bet! Only men's things ain't interestin' like women's. I wish men wore lace an' things, like they did when that picture was took." glanced up at an exquisite engraving of a scene at the court of Louis XIV.

"I presume Mr. Bernard would

rather wear the dress of 1869."

"Yes. An' I'd rather he would. His manners don't somehow fit what he's got now. I never noticed that Bill was short on manners when he was wearin' a blue shirt, an' punchin' mules, or huntin' a lead. But in this to their'n. But most gene'ally it's Bill fine house, him a pushin' victuals with an' Vi an' me a-playin' a lone hand fur a silver knife, an' eatin' soup audible, while people sets round an' tries not to laugh; an' the flowers and the pictures someway shamin' him-why good feller as he is, I wish he'd go back to his blue shirt an' mules, or else buy some manners. An' the worst of it is, I know I got just as bad a case projections in the front. of not fittin' here myself; only I'm that stuck on myself, I can't see it. I've-been going back right now on all

my polish for a coon's age." Esther ventured no reply, and the other woman began to put away her wardrobe. "Ain't it too bad maw had to die 'fore I got a chance to wear half these here new things? Black's so unbecoming! An' I can't even wear

white ruches: them's for widders." Ether was startled. No wonder conventional people could not understand devoted daughter had ever lived than Pretty Trimming That Need Not Be One of the Prettiest Styles for Making Sally B. had been; yet who, that knew nothing of this would believe it in the face of her last remark?

"Bet she had a good time," the other went on. "We took her all over Yerrup; an' she lived two months after we come home. I bought her more clo'es than she'd had in all her life before; she could put on a different dress every day in the month! We took her riding in the victoria, took where! She didn't suffer none; I thank God for that." She went in and out of the closet once or twice without speaking, and Esther waited.

Her sentences had been tossed by gusts of emotion; now speech was the prettiest effect. They are best entirely wrecked. While she struggled for calmness Viola entered. went round the other girl impulsively

and she burst into tears. "What under the canopy are ye crying for?" her mother asked; yet she knew; and her own tears were hardly

"Oh, ma, it's so good to see her! She belongs to the old, honest time when care must be taken in choosing the we said what we thought, or kept flowers that the effect is not overdone still." The mother winced. Viola's unus-

ual emotion disclosed unwelcome facts. She was taller, and had blossomed into a soft, wood-violet sort of beauty that yet had something mystic about it; as rare as felicitous.

womanhood enfolding her in a mantle of sedateness. Esther knew she had been defrauded of her girlhood, and longed to set her free from her unyouthful self-control; wondered if she would, at the last test, sacrifice herself then insert the thumb and adjust well bow into a band of insertion, a deep to her mother's ambition.

They went the round of the bedrooms, the kitchen, where Yic Wah greeted Esther with voluble cordiality; the stables, conservatories, and breezeswept gardens; and Esther was preparing for the street when the maid brought a card.

"Mr. Bryan, ma," Viola said. Her face grew gray and dull; while her mother's was swept by a quick panorama of doubt, question, mother love, ambition

She put her arm about Viola's slender waist "Honey, mammy expects a heap of you. Will you do it?"

Viola turned suddenly, spoke with strange impetuosity, "Don't, ma! I can't do it! Freddy Bryan's honest. He'd ask me just the same if I was poor. I thought I would say yes, when I told him I'd give him my answer today. But I won't cheat him. I'll tell him I can't care for him as he deserves. It's no use, ma." She put up a protesting hand, and even Sally B. was held to silence by the new stern ness in her daughter.

And Esther, distressed at the tragedy in the girl's face, made her adieus quickly, that Sally B. might not see the angry resentment in her heart. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Queer Ad.

"An Italian with a plano organ was turning the handle of his machine rapidly, but not a note was to be heard. I stopped at once. What on earth could be the matter?"

The speaker, an advertising agent, amiled

"Finally," he said, "I went up close to the man. "'A breakdown?' I asked.

"He pointed to a small placard on the organ's front, and I read: " 'The interior of the instrument has been removed. The relief that in consequence you experience is as nothing compared with that which immediately

follows a dose of Surecure Cough Mix-"It was an original ad.," the expert ended, "and I followed it up. From what the Surecure people told me, I found that the same ingenuity and money put in legitimate newspaper advertising would have brought 50 per "We've used the only word, Mrs. | cent. more returns."-Exchange.



THINGS THAT COUNT

IMPORTANCE.

Methods by Which a Neat Appearance In the House May Be Attained-Gown for Summer House Work.

If you must wave your hair on curlers or kids, do it after your husband has left the house for the day, and not at night. Just imagine what a fright you look

with your hair, the crowning beauty of a woman, done in two little braids at the back and six or seven horn-like And don't leave your false hair in

full sight on the bureau. Can you conceive how like a wild animal or a scarecrow you must look to him when he views you in the morn-

ing light?

smart-looking woman he sees more fascinating than his wife? Remember, he has not seen them in curl papers.

Can you blame him for thinking the

in Any Way Costly.

TWO IDEAS FOR SUNSHADES.

A plain supshade of habutai rivals the handsomest of its kind when lined a night-dress of cambric or nainsook, by mousseline de soie to which trimmed with valenciennes lace insersplashy cretonne roses are sewn. When the parasol is folded, no one

would imagine it to be anything but white, but when it is opened and the sun shines through the thin materials, the cover seems to have a faint design her to the theater, the Cliff, an' every- of roses, almost invisible and altogether alluring.

Any one can carry out the idea by buying a white parasol and lining it. Not many roses need be used; in fact, only a few-just a suggestion-give above the edge of the sunshade, and "Oh, Stella! Esther!" Viola's arms about two on each panel are quite sufficient. This makes 16 in all for the average parasol.

For a more elaborate sunshade, the outer border might be formed of large roses, and toward the stick the flowers might become smaller, thus making a decoration for the whole. Great and made ordinary.

When Putting on Gloves. A person who understands the business of putting on new gloves says that one should see to it that they are well powdered. Slightly moisten well into the tips of the glove fingers, never look trim on the hand.

To arrange the hair for the night divide it and tie the front part loose ly on top with a big bow of ribbon, then braid back the two braids, and SMALL, PERHAPS, BUT OF MUCH tie the ends with ribbon. This is so much neater and more attractive than to do it up on curiers or leave it done up as it has been all day.

A man once said that any woman who wore her hair in kids or curlers in the presence of her husband deserved to lose his love.

Some women do not think it possible for them to do their housework unless attired in an unsightly wrapper. Usually an ugly creation, bought ready-made, of brown, blue, and white-striped callcos, seems to be the favorite garment.

The chief advantage is that it does not show the dirt. The dirt is there, however ...

Wives who go into a kitchen and pantry should provide themselves FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. with shirtwaist suits of clean looking material in light shades, which, when soiled, would show it, and be sent to

the tub. For summer have them made with short sleeves and a Dutch neck, and at

least three inches from the floor. These are no more difficult to get into than a wrapper.

OF CAMBRIC OR NAINSOOK. Up Night-Dress.

This is a pretty style for making up



the thumb and forfinger of one hand tion. The fronts are finely tucked in They spoke of many things, Viola's while slipping the fingers of the glove graduated lengths, then crossed by for the other hand into place. Never lace insertions which form small diatry to insert all fingers at once. First | monds, the material being cut away turn back the glove, leaving the thumb from the back. The neck opens in a on the outside until all the fingers are V-shape, and edged with lace. The sleeves are gathered just below the elat the wrist. If the glove is not thor- frill of the material trimmed with the oughly drawn on the first time it will sertion and lace is sewn to the lower edge of the band.

head in antique fashion, in place of

the traditional veil. The pages, in-

evitable at an English wedding, wore

Greek tunics in fine white cloth em-

broidered in pale blue Greek key de-

sign, and they wore myrtle chaplets

on their heads and sandals on their

feet. I thought the bride's limp vell,

swathing her head and shoulders and

one arm, instead of the usual crisp,

DAINTY LITTLE FROCK.



Pale-blue collenne is the material

employed in a dainty little frock. The

skirt is oddly trimmed with cream

lace and tucks and the bodice and

anese fashion. There is a little vest

of tucks topped with a band of lace

and the frill on sleeves is of the same

material. A pointed girdle has an

One of the fashionable weddings in

London for which Paris dressmakers

were kept busy was entirely Greek,

the bride in a draped gown of white

satin embroidered in a Greek key de

ign in seed pearls and with long

points of the peplum hanging from the

shoulders and weighted with pearl

tassels. Her maids of honor wore

white crepe gowns embroidered in

silver that were very similar, save

inset of lace in front.

floating cascade of stiff tulle, a most beautiful idea and worth repeating.-Vogue. Relief for Shiny Face. "How do you manage to look so respectable?" said one shopper to another one hot morning as they met at the lace counter. "Look at my face, a mass of grease and shining like an oily paper! I can do nothing with it." "Yes you can. Mine used to shine just as much as yours and perspire

more. Now I carry in my hand-bag a

small flask of glycerine and rosewater

and whenever I'm feeling particularly

hot and sticky, I surreptitiously turn some of it out on my handkerchief and rub the shiningness off with that. "Besides removing the grease, keeps one's face clean. Mine was always a grand smut after a day of shopping in such weather as this. If glycerine does not agree with your sleeves in one piece are made in Jap- skin you can use cologne and water

Cotton Slippers.

instead."

fine white silk mull that draped the when knitted on steel sometimes does.

Bedroom alippers for summer wear are sometimes knitted in mercerized crochet cotton, which may be bought in all colors. They are, of course, not nearly so

warm as slippers of wool yarn and, when knitted on steel kneedles, they are firm and durable. Mercerized cotton is very inexpensive and very pretty. In fact, the fin-

ished slippers are so much like silk that it seems impossible that they are not made of that expensive material. The work, too, is nice, for there are no loose threads about cotton to get that thee did not wear the shawl of caught on the sharp needles as yarr



This woman says that after nonths of suffering Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made her as well as ever.

Maude E. Forgie, of Leesburg, Va., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I want o'her suffering women to know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-table Compo ad has done for me. For months I suffered from feminine ills so that I thought I could not live. I wrote you, and after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and using the treatment you prescribed I felt like a new woman. I am now strong, and well as ever, and thank you for the good you have done me."

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Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass,

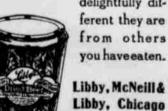


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